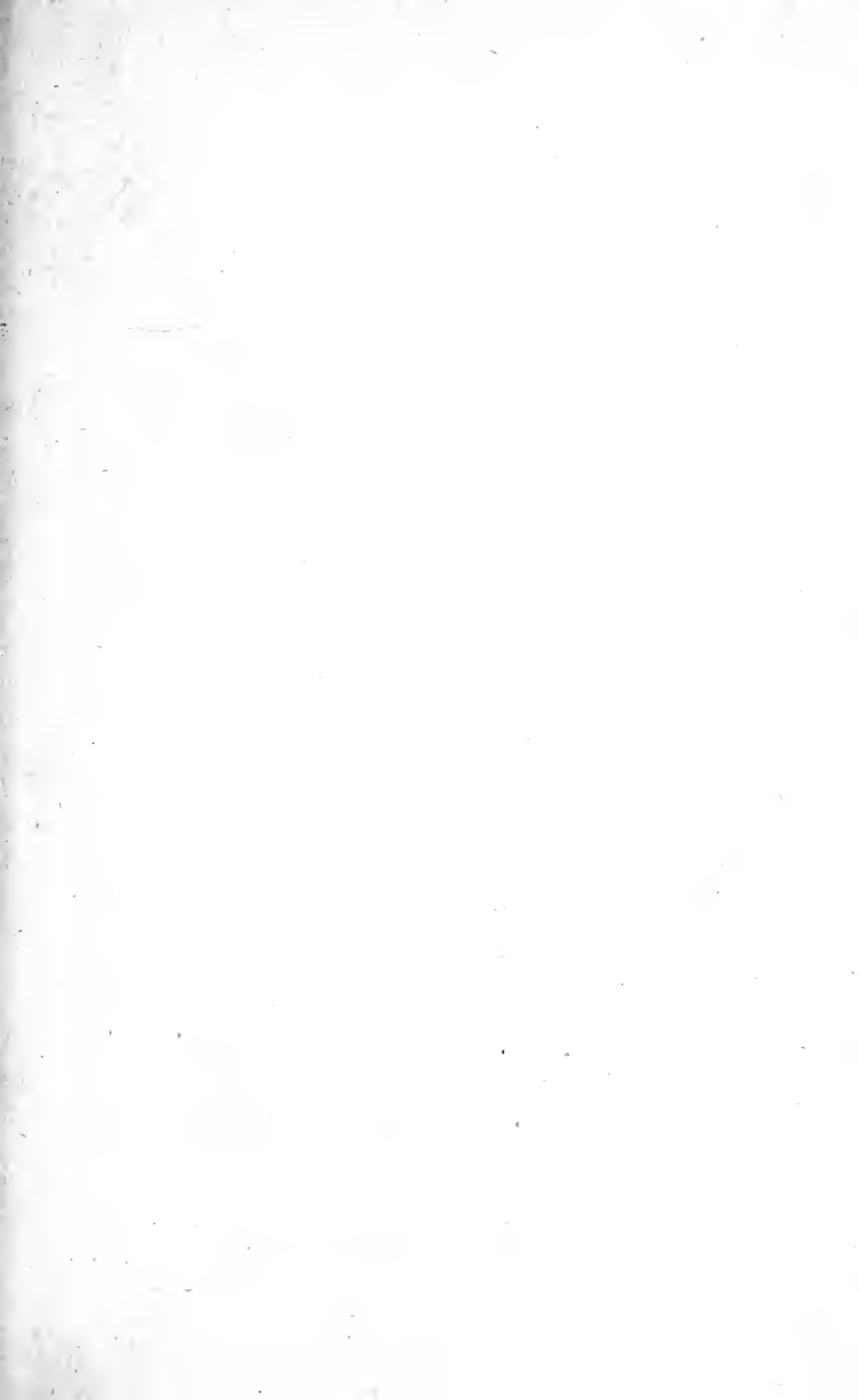


The Focus

March, 1917

State Normal School
Farmville, Virginia

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THE FOCUS

VOL. VII

FARMVILLE, VA., MARCH, 1917

NO. 2

Kismet

Elizabeth C. F. Malcolm

Ye call it chance, who see not the great whole,
The vast mosaic stretching through the years!
Ye say the Master hand that wrought,
That limned a Calvary for all to see,
Ye say He had no pattern? O! our souls,
That breathless, in a moment full of life,
In undimmed ecstasy may float athwart the sky,

Saw ye no tapestry of this world-life,
Gleaming with somber colors, here and there,
The crimson stain of war, or glittering thread
Of gold and silver skeins entwined? Saw ye
The misty carpet indistinct, grown from a single
thread
And stretching on, dim-looming, toward the days
That are to be, and called it patternless?

Buick or Haynes—Which?

Annette Alexander

AS THE CAR came to a stop, Bob looked up and saw Dr. French smiling at him from behind the steering wheel of his Buick roadster.

"Good morning, Bob. If there's nothing else on hand, how would you like to run out on a call with me?"

"Good, Doc," said Bob, as he jumped up beside his congenial friend. "There are mighty few things I'd rather do than go on a trip with you, you know. Where is it this time and who's sick?"

"Carl Gray fell yesterday and has a sprained ankle as the result. He is very anxious to be out by Friday—big game, you know—but I doubt his being able to walk by then."

"Surely, Doc, you don't mean that Carl Gray can't coach that game? Why, his men will feel lost without him and you know how much it means to every fellow in school to win from Auburn."

"Yes, I know that," said Dr. French. "It's a bad sprain, but I may be able to patch him up enough for him to get there after all. By the way, Bob, when is your dad going to get that new car he's been telling me about?"

"You can't tell, Doc. Dad has promised us that car for a month now, but still we haven't gotten it. He said he wanted a Cadillac, but now he has decided on a Buick I think. How do you like this car?"

"Well, I've been in some mighty tight places with her and she has always come out by herself. It's a mighty fine car, Bob, and I believe he would like it," answered Dr. French.

"I'm crazy about 'em myself and that's what I want him to get, but Barbara wants a Haynes, so I

guess we'll get that. A twin sister is a fine thing, but mine surely has her way with mother and dad. No matter what I want, I have to take what Barbara wants."

"She is a fine girl, Bob—one of the finest I know—and you ought to be proud of her," said Dr. French, smiling.

"Thanks, Doc," said Bob. "She is a mighty good friend to a fellow and helps me out of lots of scrapes. Did you see her at the game last week? She had on all that brown stuff she wears and a big yellow chrysanthemum that Carl Gray sent her, and she certainly was good-looking. You know a fellow likes to have a sis that he can be proud of, and one that the fellows think is good-looking. You know yourself that all the boys and girls like sis, and Carl Gray comes regularly now, Doc."

"I'm glad it's he, Bob, for I think Gray is a fine boy and a splendid fellow for Barbara to like."

The car came to a stop in front of a neat country home and Dr. French got out.

"I won't be gone long, Bob. Gray is pretty blue over the game and his accident, and a little cheering up will do him good. Would you like to come in with me?"

"You bet, Doc," said Bob as he bounced out of the car, and the two went into the house together.

Dr. French found the sprained ankle to be very much improved, and he saw no reason why Carl couldn't go to the game. He wouldn't be able to take his usual place as coach, but he felt sure that he could drive his car inside of the outer lines. Then he would be very near the diamond. It was certain, however, that he couldn't drive the car himself. Bob and Carl were great pals and it was only natural that Bob should get him there. His father was just ready to buy that Buick and perhaps he would do it in the next few days, if Bob especially needed it. (Bob could picture a wonderful Buick—Big Six!)

That night, Bob related his experiences to the family stressing very much—with a look at Barbara—that someone had sent Carl some lovely roses. During the evening, he mentioned the fact that it was up to him to get Carl to the game, and suggested that there was already a use for that new Buick.

"Bah," said his father, smiling, "I bought that car today and it'll be delivered tomorrow. Of course you may use it Friday."

Bob smiled from ear to ear as he thought of what a beauty it must be.

Just then the maid came in with a telegram for Bob and the car was forgotten. Bob tore the envelope open eagerly and smiled as he read this message aloud. "Will pass through Blakely in car on way to Albany Friday. Show in Albany Friday night. Will you join our party. (Signed) Patsy Toole."

"Well, I reckon I will!" laughed Bob. "Now, you all know that's great of Patsy to ask me. It'll be great! Supper at the club after the show, and then home—"

"But, Bob," said his mother, "who is going to bring Carl to the game? You must get him there, you know."

Bob's face clouded for a second, then brightened, as he said, "Why, Sis, what's the reason you can't do it? You know you'll love to help me out, won't you? Come now, be a good sport."

Barbara blushed and hesitated, for she knew that people would smile to see her driving Carl Gray to the game.

"Well, Bob, I might, but—" she began.

"Ah! Sis, please," begged Bob. "Carl will be crazy 'bout your doing it—you just ought to hear him talk about you. I'll send you any kind of flowers you want. Sure enough, Sis, please do it for me. Patsy will be furious, after she has counted on me, and I hate to break up her plans."

"All right, Bob, I guess I'll do it for you," said his obliging sister.

Her mother and father smiled.

Friday came, and the whole family saw the happy Bob leave with Patsy and her friends in a new Haynes. A few hours later, Barbara took her seat behind the steering wheel of her own new car—a seven passenger Haynes.

"Won't Bob be hot when he finds that Dad got the car I wanted, instead of the one he wanted," she said to herself.

When Bob came home the next day, he found the entire household in a state of great excitement. Carl Gray had found that a Haynes car was the best place in the world to propose, and the afternoon before had asked Barbara to marry him. She gave him the answer he wanted, and as Col. and Mrs. Allen were pleased, it only remained to hear what Bob had to say. As was expected, he thought it fine and since so much had happened in that car, he decided that, after all, a Haynes was pretty good.

That afternoon, Bob and Barbara were sitting in front of the library fire, talking over plans for the future. Bob reached over and put his arm around his sister.

"Sis," he said, "you know I like it and I hope you'll always be happy, but I have something to tell you about myself. You know I've been crazy about Patsy for a long time, don't you? Well, yesterday I managed to get up courage to ask her to marry me, and, Sis, she said she would! I wanted to tell you before I told mother and dad. Are you glad for me?"

"Bob, I am so very happy now that you are, too. But tell me, why and how did you ask her yesterday? You hadn't told me that it was as serious as that, you know," said Barbara, laughing.

"Well, Sis, I didn't know it was, or rather I hadn't planned to ask her then. But you see, after the show

was over, Patsy had a terrible headache, so I offered to drive her around in the fresh air a few minutes, before we went to the club for supper with the others. Before I knew where we were going, we were on that good, cool Bluffton road. Well, the moon was beautiful and the car was running along so easily, and Patsy looked so sweet in all those furs, so I just asked her before I had time to get scared. Isn't it a good feeling, Sis?"

Barbara smiled as she nestled close to her brother.

"What kind of a car has Patsy, Bob?" she asked.

"Haynes," answered Bob, his thoughts far away.

"Isn't that a wonderful car?" laughed Barbara.

"You bet it's great, Sis," he said, laughing as he saw the joke. "I'm crazy about a Haynes any day."

You and I

Katherine Ellis

“**E**VERY MAN, however humble his station or feeble his powers, exercises some influence on those who are about him for good or for evil.”

How many of us in our daily routine pause to think of the effect which our actions may have on the girls around us? And if we do think of it, do we in any way alter our actions and shape them so that the effect will be beneficial?

No matter where we are or what we do, there is always someone who will notice us and perhaps be changed by association with us. For this reason we should be careful to do only those things which are worthy of imitation. If we yield just once to temptation, it might make some other girl yield more readily, too; and if we stand up for the right, in questionable situations, that fact might help someone to fix a higher standard of ideals more firmly in her principles of daily living. Whether we realize it or not, and although it may never have been spoken or written, everyone of us has a creed, by which we live from day to day. It may be merely to live so that we may get everything and give nothing in life, or it may be to live entirely for others, but some motive is always behind the general trend of life and some aim is ahead of it. Consequently, if through an action or statement of ours someone else's faith is shaken, it is easy to see that our one act or deed may completely change a sentence, as it were, in the creed of another.

“Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent;
All are needed by each one,
Nothing is good or fair alone.”

The same is true when viewed from the standpoint of the individual as the one who is changed. Our lives are but the repetition and combination of other lives that have gone before, and our dispositions are strongly influenced by the people who are around us. There is a time in practically every girl's life, when she selects some character to be her ideal and example and it is at this time particularly that she follows the example led by that one. Perhaps you are someone's ideal now! If so, you are being watched very closely and your attitude toward all questions of right and wrong is being noted. Your observer is very likely to form the same opinions and standards which she sees you exhibit. If, for instance, she hears you say that you will not break a certain regulation, will she not be more likely to take the same position? Certainly it will be easier for her to maintain her principles when she knows that you will do it, also.

We acquire the traits not only of one girl, but in any close association such as we have here, we are obliged to be influenced by the different characteristics of many girls; and we naturally discriminate between the best and the worst. We should be careful to select the admirable traits to imitate and to withstand the influence of the less desirable ones. Every girl should be on her guard against being unconsciously influenced by the actions of other girls.

How many of us agree, with Tennyson, that "I am a part of all that I have met"? And if we do, is it not worth our thought and time to be careful about what "part" of some one else we must be? Certainly we do not want our lives to be "a part of all" the characteristics we have seen in others, so we must guard against the worst and look for the best. What characteristics in other girls do you wish to be influenced by, and what part of yourself is worthy for some one else to imitate?

Wherein Cooper's Novel, "The Spy" Shows the American Spirit

Agnes Miles

THE SCENE of "The Spy" was laid in a time that tried men's souls and proved their hearts. This time was during the American Revolution, when men risked their all for their country, and patriotism was placed above everything else. On account of the love and affection in their hearts, men would long to do a favor for a friend, but honor and duty to their country restrained them from doing it. It was a time when men had to put first things first, and their lives were tested as to whether they regarded wealth above duty and honor. This is shown by the treason of Benedict Arnold, which was more demoralizing to the Americans than defeat.

The American spirit is clearly revealed through Frances, the heroine of the book. She was beautiful, young, and daring, while in her heart there was such love for her country and desire for its independence that made her a true American. She displayed a beauty and innocence that penetrated to the very hearts of the people and moved even the sternest natures. Frances loved Major Dunwoodie with all her heart, yet she would not consent to marry him, when she thought that her innocent brother Henry, a British captain, would be hung by the Americans, because he was suspected to be a spy. Her strength of character is shown when in the dark, chilly night, at the risk of her own life, she sets out with beating heart in search of the place where she suspects the unknown hut of Harvey Birch to be, resolved to rescue her brother at any hazard. After having overcome many difficulties, Frances finds the hut and learns that the escape of her brother depends

upon detaining Dunwoodie for two hours. One hour of the time necessary to effect the escape remains when Dunwoodie arrives. It is then that the tact and skill of our heroine is revealed—when, to allow the escape of her brother she consents to marry Dunwoodie immediately.

This spirit was also portrayed in the admirable character of Major Dunwoodie. He was a noble young major in the American army, possessing the characteristics of faith, hope and trust. We have said that this was a time that tried men's souls and proved their hearts, and this was certainly true with Major Dunwoodie. For when the brother of Frances was captured by the Americans, Dunwoodie was willing to die for Frances and her love, yet he could not forget his duty and could not forfeit his honor. But Dunwoodie still had that hope that Henry Wharton would be proven not guilty; and by persevering he won credit and honor for himself as a major, and, more than that, he won the hand of beautiful Frances.

Harvey Birch was the incarnation of the American spirit. He was young, noble, bold, and daring and in the heart of this remarkable individual patriotism was uppermost. It was his duty to learn in what part of the country the British were making effort to surround men, and to get possession of as many of their secrets as possible. It is obvious that a service like this was attended with great personal hazard; for in addition to the danger of being discovered, there was the daily risk of falling into the hands of the Americans, who believed Birch to be a British spy. But Harvey had such love for his country that he boldly and willingly faced these dangers. That he had faith and hope is shown in the fact that, although he was captured several times and condemned to be hung, he never gave up, and in the last moment he always found some means of escape. Then, too, in Harvey Birch there were gentleness and kindness and love for humanity. Our admiration for this hero is at its

highest point, when the time has come for the secret connections between Harvey and the commander-in-chief to cease, and when Washington offers to pay him for his invaluable service, he answers, "Do you think that I have exposed my life and blasted my character for money? What is there about me to waver when such men as you risk their all for our country. No—not a dollar of your gold will I touch—America has need of it all?" Thus Harvey Birch continued to serve his country in secret and not until his death was it known who he was, when the following note was found in his pocket:

"Circumstances of political importance, which involve the lives and fortunes of many, have hitherto kept secret what this paper now reveals. Harvey Birch has for many years been a faithful and unrequited servant of his country. Though man does not, may God reward him for his conduct!

George Washington."

It was The Spy of the Neutral Ground who died, as he had lived, devoted to his country and a martyr to her liberties.

A Daily Episode

K. B. E.

THE SOUND of the bell—7.30, too!
And up from the bed you spring,
Don blouse and skirt or anything—
Just a sweater will do!

And then the rush—the mad, wild rush—
To reach the foot of the stair
Before the door goes to with a push,
And leaves you standing there.

Alas! Alas! “You are too late;
You should have come before.
Did you get up at six forty-five
When the gong rang at your door?”

A Visit to Ant Land

M. B.

“**W**HAT is that peculiar animal?” I asked of myself as I looked up and saw an unusual looking object approaching. “It looks like an ant but it’s as big as I am; or am I as small as that?” I wondered as I saw that the huge trees all about me were really shaped like grass blades and weeds. I accepted this fact philosophically, for I still had vivid recollections of “Alice in Wonderland” and was really thrilled to think that perhaps my adventures (for of course I’d have some) would be written up and put in a Fourth Reader, as more up-to-date reading than those of the famous Alice.

When Mr. Ant came up with me I accosted him courteously and, on asking the way to the nearest village, I was told that I might accompany him, as he was then on the way himself. As we walked along together, I thought to impress him by my learning and so entered into a long discourse on the relative merits of Shakespeare’s portrayal of Hamlet and of Macbeth. On stopping for a few minutes from sheer exhaustion of breath, not of subject matter, I was very much astonished and concerned to learn that the names “Shakespeare,” “Hamlet,” and “Macbeth” meant nothing to this benighted creature, and I tried in vain to remember some of the many passages of Shakespeare I had memorized when in high school. The only line I could recall was, “Quoth the raven, nevermore,” and as I wasn’t sure whether that was from Shakespeare, Benjamin Franklin, or the Bible, I did not quote that.

Just here my mind was diverted from the cultural education of the heathen by the sight of a circle of ants surrounding a herd of little white creatures.

When one strayed out a little way, he was promptly hemmed in and driven back with the others. My guide told me that these were ant cows, and that every day they were brought out to graze in the field of daisies. When they were stroked gently tiny drops of sweet liquid, which the ants called "dulcissimum," appeared on their backs. The word sounded vaguely familiar to me but, to save my life, I could not think where I had heard it before. It made me think of the old desk at school that I used to write on, while my teacher tried vainly to initiate me into the mysteries of the subjunctive mood. "It can't be Latin," I thought, "for I would surely recognize it after having studied it for five years."

While I was yet pondering over this, we came to the village. My companion very kindly volunteered to conduct me around—or perhaps I had better say down, for most of it was subterranean. I was very much surprised to find slaves, for I had considered this village the very acme of socialism. They had a common granary, and I had thought that everybody worked. These slaves came to the granary and got food for their masters and nobody complained. As soon as I heard this, I resolved to lead an anarchy and get rid of this state of affairs. Surely such intelligent people as these ants should have a real democracy. "Down with the aristocracy, and up with trusts and dirty politics," should be our slogan. By the time we had finished the sight-seeing I had mentally made myself president of that republic, and was walking down the street with a magnificent body-guard, while the people salaamed on every side, and the air was rent with shouts of "Long live our president! The brother of the people! Down with aristocracy! etc." I was rudely awakened by a very big-headed old ant who told us in a very military manner that no one was allowed on the granary precincts except between the hours of four and five o'clock. A big-headed soldier was stationed at every

two yards all around the granary, and it was quite impassible for anyone to get in.

I was becoming very hungry and, as my guide said nothing about refreshments, I felt in my pockets to see if anything was left from my last visit to Giliam's. Much to my sorrow, I found only one piece of chewing gum. I broke it in half and gave part of it to Mr. Ant, who declared the flavor delicious. He immediately became more communicative and told me that the mud sheds, I had been seeing on the trees were "cow sheds," that the "cow eggs" were carefully cared for and the young were reared by the ants; that the young ants were always given light work to do until their skin hardened; and many other interesting things, also. At last he told me, with an air of great secrecy that they were planning a raid on a neighboring colony. The crops were being neglected because of lack of slaves and they were planning the raid for that afternoon.

When I inquired about the "crops" I learned that they had a crop called rice. This grows wild and the ants clear the surrounding space of all weeds, so that it can grow. They work the crop and harvest it also.

I was very much excited, when my guide promised me that I would be allowed to go with them to battle. As the time drew nearer, I began to think of the poor, defenseless children and old people who would be left there unprotected, and wondered if I ought not to sacrifice my own desires for war and stay to protect them. When I saw the army drawn up ready to leave I was sure that those bloodthirsty, big-headed fellows would not need my aid. I hesitated until the last battalion was leaving and then, because I was afraid someone might misinterpret my motives if I stayed, I went out with them. After marching for what seemed hours to me, we came in sight of the village. It was larger than the one we

had left and again my thoughts turned to those poor, defenseless children.

"We have been seen," someone exclaimed. "The fight will be on in a few minutes."

Just then the sound of a terrific explosion came to my ears. "Can it be a mine?" I wondered tremblingly when—

"Why isn't your light out?" Mrs. Slater said very sternly.

I sat up and rubbed my eyes. My Biology book lay on the floor at my feet.

"It's half past ten," Mrs. Slater told me as she pointed accusingly at the clock.

"Oh, I fell asleep, Mrs. Slater, and had such an awful dream;—and I won't know a single lesson tomorrow!"

How the Pine Tree Got Its Cones

Flossie Nairne

THERE WAS ONCE a very little Brownie who lived with his Brownie mother on the edge of a forest. Perhaps all little people do not know how a Brownie looks, so I will tell you.

He is not very tall, but has long legs and a little, round body and head, with rather long arms like his legs. The most curious thing about the Brownie is that he never wears anything except brown! He never changes his brown suit for any other even on Sundays—as all proper little boys and girls do. However, this is not a proper little boy; he is only a naughty Brownie. And here comes the sad part of my story. I am truly sorry to say that this little elf was troublesome,—very, very troublesome, in fact—to his dear mother. Every morning he would slip off into the woods and never think of helping her trim the morning-glory vines on the porch, or scatter crumbs for the forest birds.

Brownie loved to wander off alone into the woods and notice what changes had taken place among his pets during the night. I am glad to say, however, that he was not quite bad through and through for the flowers loved him and confided many of their secrets to him. He loved to lie on the soft cowslip leaf in the warm sunshine, and plan what little bug he could tease, or how many ant houses he could stir up in confusion. When he finally thought of the most mischievous plan, he jumped up in great glee! Over the stumps of trees, through the bright buttercups and waving daisies, he ran, never stopping until he reached the desired spot!

One family of ants had become very tired of having Brownie stir up their house in this manner, after they

had cleaned up for the day, so they decided to give him a scare the very next time he tried it. On that morning when Mr. Brownie sneaked up very softly and stuck his little nose in the ant hill to spread confusion—as he thought—it was the very chance for the ants! They all sprang for his nose and held on just as tightly as they could! My! My! how hard they could pull!

"Leggo," he cried, through his little nose. "Leggo. You're hurtin' me!" Just then a breeze came by and blew away some of the ants.

"Thank you, Mister Breeze," said Brownie, as politely as he could. In a minute a second breeze followed the first, a little stronger, and blew all the others away.

"Oh thank you, Mr. Breeze!" cried he joyfully and then once more he went on his way.

"My son," said Mrs. Brownie the next morning. "I fear something will happen to you, if you do not stop getting into things that do not concern you."

For once Brownie looked thoughtful, but not for long.

Soon he was racing and chasing the butterflies and playing hide-and-seek with the friendly locusts, but after a while, becoming tired, he dropped down under a beautiful bluebell to rest. The faint "tinkle, tinkle" of the pretty bluebell had almost lulled him to sleep, when suddenly he heard a buzzing sound coming nearer and nearer. Up he sat, just in time to see a large bumble bee fly slowly by.

Brownie was all alert instantly and set off to follow the bumble bee as well as he could. Sometimes, in losing sight of it, he would stand in the cup of a tulip, and, putting his hand behind his ears, he would listen intently, until the heavy "buzz-z-z" led him to the spot. Before him stood a large object into which Mr. Bee flew! This was the time!

"How very good some honey would taste now,"

said Brownie aloud, smacking his lips. "I'll just reach in and get some!"

Alas, for Brownie! He heard a great noise of buzzing at once and it seemed as if a cloud suddenly arose around him in the air.

"Oh! oh!" cried he, as he felt the sharp stings of the bees, "I am sorry! I will not do it again."

"You have been sorry too often already," answered the voice.

And then what do you think happened? The poor little Brownie began to swell bigger—and bigger—and bigger, until he was just a brown object with sharp edges all over him. Then a puff of wind came along, and blew him straight into a tall pine tree, near by, and there he stayed!

This happened a long, long time ago, but today, if you look closely at a pine tree, you may see the cones with the sharp stings still sticking in them. They are really Brownies, all because one little Brownie was so meddlesome!

THE FOCUS

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1912.

J. L. BUGG, Notary Public.

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Editorial

TO THOSE WHO KNOCK

A word before you begin using that hammer on *The Focus*.

I believe that there is hardly a girl in school who realizes how little support the majority of the girls give to their magazine. For if more girls did appreciate the situation, I feel sure that more would subscribe and more would contribute.

Only about one-fifth of the entire student body is on the list of our subscribers and the number of those who have submitted material for publication during the past year is far less. But these girls who do support *The Focus*, be it said, are the foremost in school activities and school spirit. Are you among them, or are you among those who lack school spirit?

The majority of the girls do not realize what important place their magazine has in upholding the prestige of the school. They do not realize that it is practically the only means that our exchanges have of judging us, and that if the magazine is not supported it cannot reach the standard that it should, and that consequently the reputation of our school suffers in the eyes of our neighbors and friends.

This school has a reputation which must be upheld by the magazine and the new staff hereby pledges itself to this task. But the staff cannot make the magazine. We are only editors and managers for you, the student body. The staff cannot uphold the reputation of the school without the hearty co-operation and support of every student in school. Are you interested in what other people think of us? If you are—and I am sure every girl is interested—then do your part toward making *The Focus* what it should be.

You may ask, "What is my part?" Why, your part is nothing more than to subscribe to the magazine and to submit at least one contribution for publication during the year. This is not much; but if every girl will do her little bit, we shall have the best school magazine published in the State of Virginia. Before you criticize *The Focus*, think of what you have done toward making it better, and then ask yourself the question, "Am I doing my part?"

Thus the door of opportunity will open to "every one that knocketh." Come in!

—G. L.

CONSIDERATION FOR OTHERS

Have you ever stopped to think how happy you are when little attentions are shown you, and how you are still happier when you show a little consideration for another? A tired or lonely face will brighten at a cheery greeting. Little things in everyday life

do most to make us happy and contented. And is it not happiness that every heart naturally craves?

Since there are hundreds of girls in school and each has her individual desires and little peculiarities, in all groups there must be regard for others. Consideration begins at home in our own family circle where we are taught by love to be considerate. Here in school we are like a big family. Should we not be just as considerate of one another as are the members of a family? Should there be so much of "what I want" and "what I think" with no thought of the other fellow?

It does not take much effort to speak to a classmate as we pass her on the hall or the street. It makes her feel more at home and better satisfied among the great number of girls. And a girl who has the right spirit will not pass a fellow student without a friendly nod or word any more than she would a member of her family.

Another place where consideration is needed is the library. A few girls have been thoughtless enough to cut articles and fashion pictures out of magazines. When cut, these magazines are taken out and thus many are deprived of the use of them. Let us all remember that the magazines were put there for all and not for a few.

And again during study period some of us, when "feeling good," having no special studying to do, will laugh, talk loudly and have a jolly good time. Should we not think of the girl, perhaps next door, who is seriously trying to concentrate on her lesson? Then too, after light-bell, there is often unnecessary noise, laughing, singing, and running up and down the halls. Of course, there is fun in it, but it is time for rest and the majority need and want the full amount of sleep.

There is need too for thoughtfulness among us of room-mates in our rooms. Often we hear girls say they cannot study at night because their room-

mates have laughed and talked during the study period. Then again there is that undesirable habit of "sponging" which everyone despises, and yet some seem to have fallen in it. What about a girl who takes a book out of another's room, and returns it just when it suits her or not at all? Let's not say what we think of her! Such things will continue to happen every day so long as we are thoughtless and inconsiderate of others. And yet as George Eliot says, "What do we live for if not to make life less difficult for each other?" This beautiful ideal we can help to make real by being a little more thoughtful in the little things of everyday life.

—F. W.

* * * **Book Review** * * *

The following are reviews of some of the newest books in our library:

Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Lady Connie" is the conventional lady of all romance. She is young, rich, distinguished, beautiful, fascinating to men. Her omnipotence in arranging the lives of other people is matter for wonder and scepticism. She is a pleasant person, and quite improbable.—(*The Independent*.)

"Crimson Gardenia and Other Tales of Adventure" is a group of short stories collected from various magazines. The first is the story of a blasé young man, who believed that romance was dead, during Mardi Gras week in New Orleans. Others that follow are stories of Central America and of the far North. Contents: "Rope's End;" "Inocencio;" "The Wag Lady;" "Man Proposes—;" "Told in the Storm;" "The Weight of Obligation;" "The Stampede;" "When the Mail Came In;" "McGill;" "The Brand;"—(*Book Rev. Dig.*)

There is plenty of adventure and plenty of hardihood in these tales, so many of which are concerned with the age-long struggle of man with nature. Mr. Beach's many admirers will doubtless greatly enjoy this new volume from his energetic pen.

—(*N. Y. Times*.)

"Vivette" is a girl of many lovers, but for the purpose of this story the number narrows down to two, the

brothers, Austin and Dick Ware. Austin is the brilliant, successful one of the two; Dick, hot-tempered and passionate, is the failure. Vivette plays one off against the other and carries the flirtation to dangerous lengths. But in the end she makes her choice.—(*Book Rev. Dig.*)

* * * Here and There * * *

A recital of descriptive piano pieces was given by Mrs. Schmidt, of the Conservatory of Music, in the Normal Auditorium on Monday night, Feb. 5. The program looked interesting and inviting. No composers' names, nor queer titles greeted the eye. At the beginning, Mrs. Schmidt explained that her object in giving this recital was to familiarize the students with the interpretation of a piece without being hampered by the composer's name, because so many people assume that the masters wrote only dry and uninteresting compositions. Mrs. Schmidt then gave little sketches to fit the character of the piece, after which she played the number. Mrs. Schmidt held the interest of her audience from the beginning until the last note was struck.

Dr. Williams, representative of the State Board of Health, gave an interesting talk at chapel on Wednesday morning, Feb. 7.

On Friday evening, Feb. 9, the Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Munoz, gave its annual "Big Show." This entertainment was an opera in three acts entitled "A Day in Japan."

CHARACTERS

Kitu.....	Louise Garrett
Kayo.....	Virginia Clarke
O-See-Ye.....	Jessie Brett
Chayo.....	Katherine Ellis
Yamato.....	Julia Stover
O Hanu San.....	Inza Lea

Nora Twin.....	Ann Gregory
Dora Twin.....	Blanche Jones
Miss Knowall.....	Mary Booker

PART I

"Beloved, Come Back".....	O Hanu San
---------------------------	------------

PART II

"Marseillaise".....	French Group
"God Save the King".....	English Group
"Ki-mi Ga-a Yo-o-wa"	
Japanese Dances	
Parasol and Fan	
Hollyhock	
Wisteria	
Cherry Blossoms	
Butterflies	
"Sing O-Hay-O".....	Chorus
"Thanks to You".....	O-Hanu-San
"The Soldier and the Artist".....	Kitu
<i>O-Hanu-San and Chorus</i>	
"Garland Song".....	Chorus
"Whatever Shall I Do".....	Chayo
"Lamentation".....	O-See-Ye
"Beautiful Flowers".....	O-Hanu-San
"Lullaby".....	Chorus

PART III

"We are not Finished Yet".....	Nora and Dora
"When I was a Girl".....	Miss Knowall
<i>Fan and Parasol Dance</i>	
"Cheres Mademoiselles".....	
Miss Knowall and Parasol Japs	
"Who'll Buy My Lavender".....	Kate Bennett
"Fairy Song".....	English Group
"Where the River Shannon Flows".....	Mabel Barnes
"Rory O'More".....	English Group
"Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes".....	
Mabel Barnes and English Group	

"Gods in Drowsy Temples Hide" }
 "Put On Your Gayest Kimono" } O-See-Ye
 "Wake, O Hanu San" }
 "Come to the Garden" O Hanu San
 Chrous Glee Club
 Accompanists: Miss Helen Coverston, Miss Barton

The music for this opera was written by Charles Vincent, composer of the Spanish Opera given last year by the Glee Club, and was adapted by Miss Munoz to the voices of the Glee Club.

The costuming was brilliant and the stage setting a work of art. The audience was transplanted into the midst of the beautiful Japanese springtime, with its wisteria, hollyhocks and pink cherry blossoms.

The Glee Club is better this year than ever before and this was the most elaborate entertainment they have ever staged.

The Annual election for officers of the Y. W. C. A. was held on Wednesday night, February 14. The following officers were elected for the coming year:

Advisory Board . . .	Miss Coulling, Miss Neill
Annual Member	Gertrude Lee
President	Melville Fagg
Vice-President	Margaret Alexander
Recording Secretary	Laura Meredith
Corresponding Secretary	Irving Blanton
Treasurer	Jessie Brett
Librarian	Ida Wessells

Mr. Oscar Seagle, the famous baritone, sang in the Auditorium, Friday, February 2. He was accompanied by Mr. Henri Dearing, who enriched the songs greatly.

The first numbers on the program were a group of fascinating French songs, sung in the French language. The next number was a delightful little Irish song, which he sang in true Irish brogue. The German songs were beautiful, and the entire audience was

enraptured when he sang "Nachtigall," by Brahms. The numbers we loved the best, tho', were the Southern melodies, "Dixie," "Carry me Back to Old Virginia," and "Let Miss Lindy Pass."

Mr. Seagle has a very strong personality and when he is singing he carries his hearers into ecstasies of rapture. The singer and his voice will always be recalled with satisfaction by those who heard him.

Coming to the Normal Auditorium — the V. P. I. Glee Club Entertainment on February 23.

Sheridan's "School for Scandal," presented by the Devereux Players on February 28. Third Lyceum number on March 2.

The following officials have been elected for the Literary Societies this term:

CUNNINGHAM

President	Conway Howard
Vice-President	Shannon Morton
Recording Secretary	Cornelia Parker
Corresponding Secretary	Lucille Batton
Treasurer	Hattie Robertson
Critic	Kate Wooldridge
Censor	Bettie Board
Reporter	Victoria Vaiden

PIERIAN

President	Gertrude Criser
First Vice-President	Virginia Mayo
Second Vice-President	Florence Smith
Corresponding Secretary	Jerome Peck
Recording Secretary	Mildred Lee
Treasurer	Louise Bush
Censor	Marguerite Wyatt
Reporter	Melville Fagg
Critic	Jessie Brett

ATHENIAN

President	Florence Buford
Vice-President	Marian Linton
Corresponding Secretary	Helen Cahill
Recording Secretary	Esther Covington
Treasurer	Kate Pannill
Critic	Rosalie Main
Censor	Jessie Kellam
Reporter	Kathleen Wimbish

ARGUS

President	Mary Ellen White
First Vice-President	Verna Marshall
Second Vice-President	Josephine Gleaves
Corresponding Secretary	Ernestine McClung
Recording Secretary	Lucille Read
Treasurer	Edith Miles
Critic	Katherine Riddle
Censor	Rille Harris
Reporter	Frances Robertson

WHAT THE NORMAL SCHOOL IS DOING FOR
THE BELGIAN RELIEF FUND

"In the name of God the Father let us stop the slow starvation of one million Belgian children." Three weeks ago this appeal, which came out through the *Literary Digest*, was brought before the student body by Dr. Jarman. It was at once taken up by the presidents of the different classes and discussed more fully in each individual class. Four days later the following reports were given: Senior Class, \$150; Junior Class, \$350; Fourth Year Class, \$36; Third Year Class, \$19. Taken as a whole the faculty, Home Department and students of both the Normal and Training Schools have contributed about \$700 to this worthy cause. This fund is still growing! Almost daily it receives a donation from one of the many organizations in school.

Since the diplomatic relations between Germany

and the United States have been severed, we do not know what may be the fate of these innocent Belgians, but we still feel that they are ours.

—E. G. M.

In Memory of
"GYP"
Our Beloved Friend
—
Died January 22, 1917

* * * * **Hit or Miss** * * * *

Willis—What kind of a school is your son attending?

Gillis—Very fashionable—one of those institutions where you develop the mind without using it.—*Life*.

Hollow Hopes—Never despair. Somewhere beyond the clouds the sun is shining.

“Yes, and somewhere below the sea there’s solid rock bottom. But that doesn’t help a man when he falls overboard.”

Refer to Mr. Lear for proof that man at one time could not talk.

Refer to Mr. Coyner for methods in kissing.

“He kissed her on the cheek;
It seemed a germless frolic—
He’s been laid up for a week,
They say with painter’s colic.”

“So she refused you a kiss on sanitary grounds, eh?”

“Certainly, until I convinced her that a burning kiss would kill microbes.”—*Exchange*.

In Senior Nature Study:

Mr. Eason (calling roll)—Misses Board, Cooke, and Daniel are absent. Where is Miss B——?

Class—On the way to class Miss C—— fell and sprained her ankle. Miss B—— went up with her.

Mr. E.— (smiling)—Did she go as the doctor?

Class—No; she went as the ambulance.

Mr. E.—Some one tell what an animal is.

Senior (struggling to draw definition between animal and plant life)—Everything that breathes and has eyes are animals.

Another Senior—Potatoes have eyes.

Mr. E——(seating the class alphabetically—First, Miss Darden, then Miss *Dear*—and——

Miss D——(haughtily)—D-e-r-r—Derr.

Mr. E——Well, class, it's a good thing I did not say Anna Dear.

Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, of the University of Virginia, in a recent after-dinner speech, according to the *Philadelphia Record*, told the following story:

A Creole friend of mine was giving French lessons to an Englishman, who in turn taught him English. After a lesson one day the Englishman said,

"Come 'round to see me some time and talk English with me. That's the way to learn it."

"I will come viz plaisir," responded the Creole, "but I have ze fear zat I cockroach upon your time."

"You mean hencroach," corrected the Englishman.

"Ah, yes, I always get ze gender wrong."

Cookie—Miss Allen, our room is so small we have to go out in the hall to change our minds.

Miss Allen—You must be mighty broadminded.

All girls wishing to become Red Cross nurses go to the recruiting station and sign up. The station is at the book-room in charge of Miss Maud K. Taliaferro.

On the Junior English test they were asked to give the gender and its opposite of spinster and monk.

On Blanch S's paper—Spinster, masculine; spinsteress, feminine.

On John D's paper—Monk, masculine; monkey, feminine.

Things never seen or heard:

A cough drop.

A rubber band play.

A cake walk.

A basket bawl.

A banana split.

An ear ring.

A sea squall.—*Exchange.*

He met her in the meadow,

When the sun was sinking low,

She walked along beside him

In the twilight glow.

She waited patiently 'til he let down the bars,

Her eyes beaming radiantly as stars,

She neither smiled or thanked him,

For she knew not how—

For he was only a farmer lad,

And she, a Jersey cow.

—*Exchange.*

* * * * **Exchanges** * * * *

The January issue of *The Hampden-Sidney Magazine* might have a few more short stories, but on the whole it seems to be very well rounded. The essay on "America and the European Immigrant" shows an excellent knowledge of one of the most important questions of the day and a clear understanding of the great problems involved. "College Fools" is decidedly to the point and may be read profitably.

The Blue and Gold. — This magazine vividly portrays the interesting news of the school, but gives too much space to this subject, thereby neglecting the Literary Department. No place is given to athletics and there are very few exchanges.

The *Richmond College Messenger* is one of the best magazines that comes to us this month. It is distinctive, owing both to its cover and contents. We are especially impressed with the number and quality of the essays and poems contained in this issue. The poem, "Be Thou With Us" has a depth of feeling which makes it both forceful and worth-while. In "The Still Small Voice" there is a delicacy of touch and fineness of expression which is unusual and satisfying. The essays in this number are particularly noteworthy since they show careful thought and study, while the two short stories relieve the serious atmosphere of the magazine. However, we wish to suggest that one or two well-written sketches would be valuable contributions to the publication.

The next magazine that claims our attention is *The William and Mary Literary Magazine*. The usual lack of poetry is not felt in reading the magazine this month and the two poems found in your publication certainly belong in the list of those deserving credit. "Henry Timrod, Lyric Poet of the South," is, perhaps, the best essay contained in the number. It makes us feel that "to his poetic mission he was faithful to the end." "A Fruitless Case" is a story with an unusual plot well worked out. The local color in the story makes it especially interesting and enjoyable.

Don't you think that a joke department would add to the interest of your magazine?

We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges: *The Missile*; *State Normal Magazine*; *The Tattler*; *The Record*; *Woman's College Journal*; *The Student*; *The Era*; *Talisman*; *Sweet Briar Magazine*; *Palmetto and Pine*; *Stampede*; and *Southwest Standard*.

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